MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

J. M. FERRES, Editor.] FRELIGHSBURG, (L. C.) TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1835. [VOLUME I. NUMBER 3.

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

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Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and six pence for each subsequent insertion.

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All communications must be addressed to James Moir Ferres, Editor; and if by mail, post paid.

PROSPECTUS.

Attached to the British constitution of government, under which our principles and habits have been formed, both from principle and duty, and faithful to the King to whom we have sworn allegiance, we disclaim the apathy which would feel indifferent at a time when so venerable a fabric of human wisdom, emanating from the experience of ages, is assailed by virulence and misrepresentation.

Satisfied with that constitution which the mother country has given us, and only desirous that it should be truly and impartially administered for the equal protection and encouragement of all classes of our fellow subjects, without distinction of national origin, we have commenced the Missiskoui Standard, to be issued once a week, wherein we intend to walk in the good old ways, and to shew, as much as we can, that loyalty is not slavery, and that the reform of real grievances is widely different from invading the constitution and reviling all that are in authority.

We advance no claim to public favour on the score of either learning or talents. We come forward to perform a public duty, honestly and fearlessly to defend the constitution under which we have the happiness to live, and to spread information, in a cheap form, through this section of the Eastern Townships, calculated to counteract the misrepresentations that are at work to deceive the people.

In the business of conducting a newspaper we are novices: but, taking the constitution of the country, the law of the land, and our own portion of general knowledge of men and things, for our guidance, we do not despair.

To look for perfection under any form of government is vain. But the constitution is one thing, and the administration of the government is another. The former may be as faultless as can be devised and accomplished by human wisdom; the latter may partake of the infirmities, ignorance, passions and prejudices of the men who conduct the administration, and in its operation may therefore be good or bad in proportion to the talents and capacity of those who stand at the helm. Hence some abuses are to be expected in the administrations of all governments. It is not our intention to conceal, palliate or defend them, but to point them out wheresoever found, and by whomsoever practised, with a view to their redress. To this we pledge ourselves; not in the spirit of disaffection, or as seeking the pretext of a grievance, in order to enjoy the gratification of doling out complaints, but in the spirit of free-born subjects of a British king.

In the performance of our duty, and in defence of our principles, as conductors of a loyal and constitutional periodical we will speak out plainly, but not in the language of provocation, scurrility, defiance or personal abuse. We are now before the public. We address ourselves to reasonable men, and have no misgivings of the result.

The current news of the day will be given.

It shall be our endeavour to furnish something useful and instructive, if not entertaining to all classes of the community. Besides what we may glean from periodicals we shall be happy to receive original communications from intelligent farmers, containing such results of their experience in agricultural affairs as may be useful to others.

Education, and the promotion of temperance, will find in us zealous friends.

In short, it is our desire to make our labours useful, and fit to be received into any family; pledging ourselves that our columns will present something calculated to disseminate sound knowledge and promote harmony and good feeling in the community, without being sullied by scurrility, slander, irreligion or immorality.

THE CANADA QUESTION.

From the London Morning Advertiser, a Radical Paper.

The existence of a spirit of faction and discontent, and the turbulent proceedings of the House of Assembly at Quebec for the last two or three years, although occasionally glanced at, have, amidst the pressure of events more locally and nationally interesting, commanded little observation and occasioned still less apprehension. Some years ago, before the influx of the vast stream of emigration from the parent state, harmony appears to have been well preserved between the inhabitants of French origin, the descendants of the original colonists, and the British settlers. But of the late years the great and annually increasing numbers of the latter appear to have awakened the latent national antipathies of the former—the irruption of a new people seemed to threaten their ascendency—the superior industry and consequent monopoly of wealth aroused feelings, not of generous rivalry, but of impotent envy. Still the immense advantages which the spirit of enterprise directed to their shores could not fail to communicate, even to a people buried in sloth, the enhanced value of territorial property, and the extraordinary extension of commerce, could not be without their counteracting influence, and self-interest triumphed for a while over a grovelling jealousy. With the spreading population and the growing importance of the colony—all and exclusively the work of British hands and British connexion—more liberal institutions were conceded, and from serfs as under the domination of France, they, the inhabitants, became free to all the privileges of the English Constitution, by the establishment of provincial parliaments, holding the purse strings of the public revenue. For some time the French Canadians appear neither to have abused the benefaction nor the benefactor. This state of calm was destined to sudden interruption, and the storm appears to have burst from the classic quarter of all strife, from that of the law. The grievances of the old French system of judicature, still persevered in the province, with its interminable delays and chicane, were felt to be so intolerable in the vastly multiplied and complicated relations of commerce and property consequent on the irrresistible impulse given to colonial industry by the new comers, that its reform and adaptation to present wants and more extended imterests became an object of pressing urgency and general demand. But this innovation threatened, or appeared to threaten, the very existence of the Franco-Canadian Bar—from the Judges of the Courts of original jurisdiction and those of appeal down to the *Avocats*, all had vested interests in the conservation of abuse. They had not long to want or wait for a representation—one of the *clique*, Mr. L. J. Papineau, became a patriot in order more plausibly to uphold the rights of his order, and revel in the filthy lucre of a rotten system at the expense of a deluded people. The better to cloak the iniquity of his purpose and the views of his party, this man shrouded his advocacy of legal abuse under the cloak of a constitutional reformer. To legitimatize the plunder of "his order" he proclaimed "universal suffrage" and independence of the metropolitan country. His arts succeeded among a people notoriously ignorant and uneducated, even beyond their brethren in France. He became the leader of a majority and was elected Speaker in the Provincial Parliament, and we have now lying before us his address of thanks to the "Electors of the West Ward of Montreal, on his eighth re-election." As an expose of his principles, and those of the party of which he is the leader, it is perfect in all its parts. This state document is more lengthy than a President's message, for it occupies ten columns of the *Quebec Gazette*, with which we have received it.

We are free to say that a more furious, a more bloody-minded document never issued from the pen of Carrier at Nantes, or of Robespierre at Paris, during the reign of the Mountain. In every line of this mighty mass of words, it breathes assassination, rebellion, and treason, and if the law, or the ex-Judges and Juries of the law, be really so weak or so corrupt that the traitor using such language may go unscathed, we have no hesitation in asserting that a time is come for the application of a "vigour beyond the law." When such a sentiment is extorted from us, our readers must be aware that the case is black and atrocious in the extreme. If one more than any other paper has advocated and enforced popular rights and privileges to an extent which has drawn down the ire and the fear of authority, it is the *Advertiser*; but our course has been constitutional, and therefore, we defy the oppressor, however armed with legal terrors. Of that of L. J. Papineau, this corrupt Canadian lawyer, our readers shall judge. God forbid. that we should be hypercritical about isolated terms or passages; but those which we shall quote are taken impartially from the address, and are, after all but a faint representation of the spirit in which it is composed, and the language in which it is expressed. Its length alone precludes its insertion entire; but there is venom in every line more deeply concentrated than our extracts can convey the impression of. This Lawyer Speaker commences his address written, be it observed, fourteen days after his contested election, and therefore when the passions had had time to cool by denouncing the Administration—meaning the Governor-General, the Legislative Council, and all functionaries—"as corrupt both in its head and in its members." The majority against him and his associates, he proceeds to describe to be "beaten to pieces to such a point as leaves to his Majesty," and "the other precious relics of the British party only a very diminutive and pitiful opposition." His opponents are called "Tigers," men wishing for "blood," and the 'applause of Lord Aylmer.' They acted, he tells us, 'at the will of a *dozen Scoundrels* in place,' members of the Legislative Council and others, and 'of certain schemers in London; among others, Hay, of the Colonial Office, Gould, Gillespie, Logan the honorable Member for the Imperial Parliament, Robinson, a pensioned Director of the Land Company, *a vile sharper*, who has taken advantage of a place of honorable as that of Member of the House of Commons, to lend himself, aided by the fellow Stanley, to an act so dishonorable as smuggling through the House, unknown to our agents, and to Mr. Roebuck, the bill which gave him some pounds sterling, etc.' The following description of Mr. Walker, his opponent in the election, is another specimen of the language of this vagabond lawyer, who, it appears had lately visited Paris, to fraternize and be initiated in the craft and the slang of the *Halle des poissardes* there; 'Who is there, in fact, who has not seen him—frequently seen him, abandoned to transports of rage; who, that has so seen him that has not feared that he would suddenly stifle and perish? In these attacks, the agitation of his body, the convulsive dislocation of the jaws, the sudden distortion of his features, his livid pallor, the fixity of his besotted stare, the sudden flight of reason, rendering him a prey to delirium, and attaching to a man who, it is true never possessed any breeding, but who pretended to have received some education, language such as a drunken fish-hag would scarcely have resorted to; these things, I say, frequently created a belief that he was about to fall into an epileptic fit.'

The Magistracy are termed 'Magisterial butchers;' the Governor 'an ignorant and despotic soldier;' The Attorney-General is represented to be so besotted as to say that 'Murderers are my friends, who have bribed me;' again, 'prevaricating Judges.' 'Has one of them,' he asks, 'a soul less atrocious than in 1834?' . . . 'The Justices of the Peace are ferocious brutes;' Colonel M'Intosh is 'a fanatic brute:' Mr. Walker, his opponent, was not only perjured, but 'truly mad:' Dr Robertson, a Magistrate, is honored with the title of the 'Father of Lies.' Again, 'lying and deceitful Magistrates:' Dr. Robertson had 'a soul so satanic,' etc.: British merchants are denominated 'gentlemen bandits,' 'the noble British blood inflamed with brandy and rage.' The opposing candidate is called 'the sharper;' again, we have 'Scotch party and Scotch pride, in order to make money, for their peculiar nature is so base and cringing,' etc.: 'the affections of the British for Ireland and the colonies has never been anything else than the love of the pillage of Ireland and the colonies.'

A local, responsible, and national government for each part of the empire, as far as the regulation of local interests, with a superintending authority in the Imperial Government to decide on peace and war and commercial relations with the stranger, is what Ireland and British America demand; and is what, before a very few years, they will be sufficiently strong to take, if others are not sufficiently just to give it to them.'

After this, Mr. Stanley is outlawed, and Mr. Spring Rice a 'declared enemy.' Exclusive dealing is proclaimed, 'restrict your consumption of British produce as generally as possible;' last of all a 'run on the banks' is recommended, and the ruin of those establishments pronounced 'an act of justice,' because they would not discount for this mendicant lawyer and his friends. The whole concludes with an injunction to the 'country merchants and farmers to buy only from their friends.' In all these extracts we declare seriously that we have nothing exaggerated; that we have not selected the most diabolical parts, because, on account of the length of the more malignant passages, it was impossible within our limits to interweave them. But with the specimens before them, we ask any of our countrymen if they ever perused more barefaced and unmitigated treason, or if the British empire was ever bearded by a more audacious, however contemptible traitor? We will not dwell on the abuse of Lord Stanley, and on his principles of action, liberal towards the colony as we believe them to have been; but no less abominable is the tone of this ferocious demagogue towards such a man as Mr. Spring Rice, the late colonial Secretary; a statesman notoriously a lover of freedom, and a governor in its spirit in the most extensive sense!

Mr. Roebuck, in his speech to the House yesterday, endeavoured to make the Canada question one between catholics and protestants, as in Ireland. Now, there is nothing in the address of this Papineau, from which we have quoted, to countenance a grievance prominent in sense. Religious distinctions form no part of its subject matter, so far as we have perused it; but on the contrary, the cloven foot, the real graveman of the grief, peeps forth in the following passage:

"Is it not as odious as it is absurd, to see all those Britons panting with ardour and speed to surpass each other, when it is required to overthrow all our civil laws, centuries old, the alteration of which effects the persons and properties of all the members of the social system, and bitterly reproaching our slowness, because we will not introduee therein the rude changes which the people do not demand.'

We have neither time nor space to enlarge upon the subject; suffice it to say that the late parliament of Lower Canada, disposing of the public revenue, encouraged the formation of social combinations for the purpose of returning a majority at the ensuing election, under the guarantee of reimbursing the charges of bribery out of the public purse, committed unfortunately to their keeping; and the mandate has been acted upon and fulfilled to the letter, for a majority has been returned, and Papineau, the lawyer demagogue, is again to be Speaker. This man has proscribed the people of 'foreign origin,' as he terms the British, and will tolerate none but those of 'French origin,' as entitled to rule; in default of which and in default of attaining his object, he broadly states that they may 'be forced by oppression to regret their dependence on the British Empire, and to seek elsewhere a remedy for their afflictions.'

We are earnest upon this subject, because it is one of life and death to our kith and kindred of British origin; they have carried out their capital and industry upon the faith of British ascendency, and on the protection of British laws. We are pleased to see constitutional associations have been formed among the English residents, to support the connection with the mother country; but unless a strong arm is stretched forth from hence in their behalf, their efforts must fail, as forming a minority against an ignorant and brutalized majority. We confess not to be well pleased with the deportment of Messrs. Hume and Roebuck on this qnestion, and in their public career those gentlemen are indebted to us, not for good wishes only, but earnest, active, and successful co-operation. We have helped to make them what they generally are, honest and efficient servants of the public. But when they condescend to become the organs of disappointed lawyers and agitators, designing if not traitorous, we must quit their company, however we esteem it. The lives and the properties of our fellow snbjects are precious in our eyes, in whatever part of the world they happen to be located.

We respectfully beg pardon of Messrs. Robinson, Gould, and the other Hon. gentlemen whose names we have quoted, as a part of our extracts from the address of this man-virago to his constituents in Montreal. The foul abuse of such a person will but redound here to the honour of characters which never before have been, and cannot be impeached. And to demonstrate the immeasurable superiority of even British artisans over Franco-Canadian gentlefolk, we shall quote the Christian reply of a Scotch mechanic to the legal "scoundrel" Papineau's advice of "exclusive dealing," and a run on the banks.'

Mr. George Black, a member of the Mechanics' Constitutional Union of Quebec, at a meeting of the Constitutional Association of merchants, &c., spoke as follows, what we note is but an extract: "It is not the poor working class who are to blame for all this, it is the highest class, who want to obtain a livelihood by other means than working for it; and it would be showing a narrow spirit to deprive the working class of employment in consequence of the manner in which they have been misled by the faction. (Great Cheering.) Let us show our superiority over them by liberal conduct, and that we are not so narrow minded as to put in practice the means which they employ; at the same time that we show them that we are not to be run down by such a faction. (Immense cheering.)' Such is the noble answer of an English mechanic to a Franco-Canadian legal gentleman.

In conclusion, we must remind our Canadian brethren of "French origin" if they persist in urging a distinction of *castes*, that all they own of fredom is a gift from this country; that as the vanquished in presence of the conquerors, the utmost grace they could ask ought to be free egress from a land they no longer like to inhabit. We have given them more than a lease for lives; we have admitted them to the full benefits of the English Constitution in fee simple; which if they do not admire, or love to dwell under, they have no right to their lands, and may therefore, in a body cross the frontier, and charge themselves and their grievances on the United States. If they choose to live in brotherly love and harmony, and in the enjoyment of equal privileges, we shall hail them as good citizens. On another occasion, perhaps, we shall take leave to show what they owe to us in round numbers, and what we lose by them.

PHILADELPHIA POLICE—THE FAT MAN.

There is a little man in this city, there are little men in most cities, but the one now on the tapis is a peculiar little man... a fat little man. He is just five feet each way. When he is asleep he appears to be standing up under the bedclothes, although he is lying down; when he descends the stairs, he might as well roll on his side; and as for tumbling down, as other people tumble down, it is out of the question with Berry Black. Before he gets a fair start from a perpendicular his corporosity touches the ground, which his hands in vain attempt to reach; and he leans forward, as one may see a school boy leaning on a cotton bale. He cannot fall on his nose, that privilege of mortality is forbidden to Berry.

These fleshy attributes worry the little gentleman amazingly. He cannot wear shoes, for he must have assistance to tie them, and that is altogether too troublesome for him. Boots are not without their vexations, although he has a pair of patent hooks, constructed expressly for his own use. He is addicted to literature, and could write tolerable verses once upon a time, when he was thin enough to sit so near a desk as to be able to write upon it, which was a long time ago. His body is now too large, and his arms too short, for such an achievement. By the advice of the faculty, Berry is now devoting his leisure to the science of gymnastics, hoping in that to find relief. Not content with exercising by day, he sometimes rises in the night, after brooding over the miseries of being fat, and sallies forth to jump fire plugs and swing upon awning posts.

It was not long ago that he was seen, with his hat upon a stepping stone in front of a house in Chestnut street, labouring very diligently at jumping over the stone and the chapeau. The humbleness of the effort arose from the heavy nature of the veritable Poughkeepsie, in which he had been indulging very freely, but he failed at each trial, kicking his hat into the middle of the street.

"Phew!" said Berry, "my new hat will be ruinationed to all intents and purposes. Oh! if I was'nt so fat, I might be snoozing it off at the rate of nine knots, like other people, instead of tiring myself to death. Fat aint of no use. Fat horses, and fat cows, and fat oxen, and fat sheep is respected according, but fat men is respected disaccording. Folks laugh, and all the girls turn up their noses. Its tiresome to jump over this here, but its a good deal tiresomer to be so jolly that you cant jump over nothing. So here goes again. Warnee wunst! warnee twyst! warnee three times! all the way home!"

Berry assumed the salient attitude of the pound of butter which Dawkins threw at his wife, and was about making a desperate spring when he was suddenly checked by the watchman.

"Don't baulk, good man, I say don't baulk; can you jump over that ere hat, fair standing jump, with a brick in each hand; none of your long runs and step over!"

"Prehaps I might, but it won't do for us to be cutting rusties at this time of night. You'd better sing mighty small, I tell you."

"Pooh, pooh, don't be ridickalis. My doctor says if I don't exercise I'll be smothered, and I'm working for my health. I've jumped six fire plugs this very night, and I'll jump over that 'ere hat before I go home, I'm blowed if I don't. Now squat, and see if I go fair. Warnee wunst!"

"You're tuck up," said Charley, losing all patience. "You're either a non compusser or as blue as a razor. I never seed a more queerer feller, and I can't take the sponsibility of letting you run at large."

"I can't run any other how than run at large; but if you'll let me alone, I'll try to jump myself smaller. So clear out skinny, and let me practise. Warnee wunst—

"You'd much better come along and make no bones about it."

"Bones! I don't believe I've got any. I'm a boned turkey. I've seen the article, but I never had any bones myself."

"Yes, you're fat enough, and sassy enough; sassy 's no name for you. So you must come to the watch'us."

"Well, if I must, I must; but if I get the poplexy, it's all your fault. You wont let me jump over my hat; you won't let me slide on the cellar door; you wont let me do nothing! And now you're going to lock me up; and, by drat, I would not wonder if I was to be ten pounds heavier before sunrise, cocked up over that market nosing the beef. If I do, I'll charge the corporation for widening me and spoiling my clothes."

Berry walked off with his conductor, was fined in the morning, and has been growing fatter ever since, although he continues to practise "warnee wunst" at all convenient opportunities.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigour; who can produce more and better, has talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.

No. 2

For the Missiskoui Standard.

There is only one course in which our fellow subjects of French origin, and the inhabitants of the Townships, who are from a different sourec, can be agreed, and that is loyalty. When either, or both depart from this course, every bond of union that can be supposed to affect them will be cut asunder, and the parties will separate to tread in different paths.

Looking up to the Constitution of the country, that acknowledges the King as the head of the Government, the French and the English may, and can, remain united, as they have hitherto done, notwithstanding the accidental differences existing between them with respect to language, customs and national predilections, because they involve no feelings that necessarily affect the grand principle of union as subjects. For, loyalty to the King, and submission to the Laws, may flourish equally strong in both parties, because the Constitution cherishes and protects them both with a paternal impartiality. But let this bond of union be removed, and it will be seen that we are a people very ill calculated to work together, for the attainment of any common object that will equally benefit both parties, for the obvious reason that we have never yet been united by any other bond.

The indications of this tendency to separate from each other in the two races of people, have long been manifest. Those of a French origin, especially their leaders, have imbibed prejudices, and pursued measures, that stamp on their political conduct the most undisguised hostility to the Constitution of the country, as a British Province. They have, for a series of years, been in the habit of denominating themselves, in contradistinction to us, A NATION, THE CHILDREN OF THE SOIL. A nation, as they apply the term has, or ought to have, a distinct head, laws, privileges and customs of its own. Accordingly, emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland coming to what they thought a British Province are called FOREIGNERS and STRANGERS, in the same sense as if they came from Germany, or the United States. Being viewed as foreign intruders on the children of the soil, the Townships to which emigrants would naturally resort, have been kept as long as possible, almost wholly beyond the pale of the law. The whole of our history is a faithful comment on their claims to nationality.

We, the emigrants from Great Britain, or of British, German and Loyalist descent from the old colonies, had grown up in the Townships to nearly 60,000 souls, before we could obtain a voice in the representation of the country. Year after year witnessed our petitions to the three branches of the Legislature for the privilege of being represented in Parliament, till our patience was almost exhausted. The repeated messages from the Castle of St. Louis to the House of Assembly, recommending the consideration of our case to that honorable body, though for a long time of no effect, shewed that there was no reluctance on the part of Government to meet our desires. The reluctance was on the part of the Assembly. That honorable house, finding that the Imperial Parliament would take up the matter, if neglected any longer in this country. I say that honorable house so loud in professions of patriotism, and so zealous for the redress of grievances which affect the happiness of the people, extended unto us the privilege of exercising the elective franchise, and took remarkable, scrupulous good care that we should not derive much benefit from the boon, as, by the same "Act," they increased their own representation to such a degree as to render their condescension to us a mere name, a faint shadow without substance. The principle of nationality explains it.

Within the seigniories, where the children of the soil plough the fields which their fathers ploughed before them, and scarcely any more, with ploughs drawn by the horns of cattle, it may be that the want of Register Offices to preserve authentic records of landed titles was not felt, but in the Townships this want was a draw back on our industry of a deadly weight, and an insuperable barrier in the way of strangers to purchase real estate, because they could have no assurance that heir purchase was unincumbered. Who does not remember the long course of petitioning that was required to extort this necessary redress of grievances from the Assembly? And on what grounds could they be unwilling to pass a law that could not possibly be injurious to them, but to prevent our increase and prosperity, knowing that our increase, at some future period, might be rather incompatible with their claims to nationality.

Having contrived the Act for a new division of the Province into counties, in such a way as to secure to themselves the entire command of the popular branch of the Legislature, they were no sooner in possession of this power, than they felt that it availed nothing to their gratification as long as the Legislative was independent of their nod. Two deliberative bodies, independent of each other, are wisely calculated to act reciprocally as checks; but the leaders of the Assembly have no relish for checks of any kind, and to get rid of them the Legislative Council must be abolished. Thus the Constitution of the country, the very law that gives existence to their own House, must be attacked. It is not enough that abuses in the construction of the Council should be amended. The main abuse is that the members are appointed by the Crown. The prerogative of the Crown must therefore be attacked over the shoulders of the members, whom they stigmatize as old women, enemies of the people, strangers in the country, that have no sympathy with the people, in the hope that if they can persuade the children of the soil that the Legislative Councillors are old women, they may obtain credit of being arrived at the age of manhood, and able to turn old women out of doors to make room for young men that will rejoice in their example.

Now grant them an Elective Council. Will that satisfy them? No, indeed, they must have an elective governor, and elective officers in every branch of the Administration down to the town crier. The great leader that aims at the government for himself, tells you, in his address to the West Ward, that they will condescend to allow England to protect their commerce, to open the British Ports for their produce, and to chase pirates from their ships. They have no objection to the King, and the authority of Parliament, provided the children of the soil, with Mr. Papineau at their head, are allowed to do as they please, and to treat us—foreigners and strangers—as slaves. The resolves, petitions, addresses of Mr. Speaker to the West Ward, the famous 92, and finally, so far as the chapter is yet written, the ten resolutions respecting the Contingencies, shew most clearly the extent of their designs. And if they succeed, I ask any candid man, what our situation is likely to be? It seems to me that no man, in his right senses, who belongs to the strangers and foreigners, can rely on them, even if he was himself desirous of a revolution. He may see his fate in the service assigned at the outset to every one that has already joined them. One is employed to take the lead in the 21st May business... in the Bill for removing the troops from the King's Garrison, and in moving for the commitment of an officer for declining to betray his trust. Another is employed in his maiden speech to insult the Governor in terms that would be indecent for a gentleman to apply to the vilest creature that creeps. The English papers that join them are required to divorce all decency from their columns, as if no pledge for their fidelity was acceptable unless they sold themselves, soul and body, past redemption, and be forever rendered disqualified for mixing in decent society. What then may we not fear, should that party become our masters, when they have always treated us as strangers, obtruding ourselves upon them to devour the bread from the children of the soil? When every foreigner, who joins them, is put in the forefront of every dirty job?

We may, indeed, as there are some who have lost, I will not say all sense of their duty, but of their entire interest, be so infatuated as to make common cause with the agitator, but let him and his friends once obtain the Government of this Province, and then see if the most sanguine and devoted of his friends in the Townships will not dearly rue the day of their swerving from their duty. There will be no such thing as radicals and tories in the Townships when Mr. Papineau shall have been LE PRESIDENT. They will be united as one man, to save and secure themselves. Mr. Papineau has very honestly declared that the unchanging rule of his political life is to pursue those measures that are more likely to effect the greater good for the greater number. His greater number embraces the children of the soil, those of French extraction only, and not a soul more. The mere accident of an English name, though attached to a man born on the soil, disqualifies from office. The thing has happened, even where the talents for the duties in question, were acknowledged to be superior to those of the favored candidate. Allegiance to the King then, is the only bond of union that can keep the children of the soil, and the inhabitants of the Townships together as one people. As one people, united in their allegiance, they could procure the redress of all REAL grievances in a short time. Remove, or weaken this bond of union, and the English population of Lower Canada, whether of English, Irish, Scotch, or American origin, cannot possibly, and will not, be one with the children of the soil, unless they submit, which I am sure they never will, to be slaves, and, like dogs, be content to eat the crumbs which fall from the children.

S. D.

FOR THE MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

"Had the inhabitants of the Townships been "suffering under grievances, they are neither so "blind nor so stupid as to remain ignorant of their "wrongs till they were informed so by men who "have no sympathy with them, and who never "paid them the least regard till they formed the "wicked design of entangling them in the toils of "insubordination and sedition."—*14th Resolution Missiskoui Constitutional Meeting.*

MR. EDITOR:

Were the sentiment contained in the above extract practically believed by the great mass of the population of this county, a death blow would inevitably be given to that horrid yell of discontent by which the minds of the people are at present distracted. On all sides the cry is 'grievance.' It spreads like a pestilence; so that to a stranger it would seem as if this was one of the most oppressed countries in the world, instead of being blessed with a most wise and admirable constitution. But where do these dreadful grievances exist, about which there is so much complaint? What is their nature? Or are the interests of the mass of the people in the least injured by them? Assuredly not: for let us examine them all, (I speak of those concerning which Mr. Papineau and his friends make so much noise,) one by one, and we can hardly fail to discover that they are at best the result of those speculative vagaries that at present occupy the brains of political enthusiasts.

It would however be foreign to my purpose to stop to inquire whether any real grievances are caused to this Province either by the constitution or by its administration. For not only is the inquiry irrelevant to the present subject, but it is also almost unnecessary. For if any such matters of complaint did exist, the experience of the people, which certainly is the best test, would be likely to afford satisfactory information.

Till very lately the inhabitants of the Townships were entirely neglected by the revolutionary faction. They were absolutely beneath the notice of these proud upstarts, who, by a perversion of language, arrogate to themselves the venerable name of patriot. But no sooner had they matured their plans for endeavouring to effect a change in that constitution, of which every British subject is justly proud, and stood in need of more assistance, than they turned to the hitherto despised people of the Townships, and loaded them with disgusting compliments, and profuse, uncalled for professions of friendship and attachment.

A short review of facts will shew that these professions were as insincere as they were profuse and unexpected. Facts speak a language that cannot deceive; and constitute a standard whereby we may form correct opinions of men and things.

For some time past a large proportion of the inhabitants of the Townships have been much dissatisfied with the manner in which the Commissioner of Crown and Clergy reserves has discharged the duties of his office. And if these public, uncontradicted charges, in various newspapers, be correct, their dissatisfaction is not without just grounds. But what notice have our *patriotic* Assembly condescended to take of their complaints and petition? They received them with cold indifference. And since the Executive declined granting papers that had no kind of reference to the prayer of the petition they calmly suffered the inquiry to fall to the ground. But the reason is obvious. For to be the means of redressing real grievances would be to defeat their aim. The country would then be peaceful and quiet, and agitation of course be laid to rest.

When formerly the Townships were merely an appendage, a sort of fag end, to the French counties, and without a representation, the people having in vain attempted to obtain the privilege of exercising their just elective rights from the Assembly, petitioned the Imperial Parliament for redress: this petition was heard; it was on the point of being granted, when the Assembly promised to take the affair into consideration and to concede what justice so imperiously demanded. They did indeed grant us a representation; but how? They immediately subdivided the seigniorial counties, and in some instances still retained seigniories of American population, as in the case of Noyan and Foucault, in their former dependent condition, in such an unfair manner that they increased the French representation in more than double the ratio that they did ours, and consequently have still virtually left us without a voice in the councils of our country. They did indeed grant us a representation. But how? Like true patriots, who prefer the good of their country to any other object of a private nature, they generously gave us *ten* members, and contented themselves with the small number of twenty-eight in addition to what they had before!

Let us now turn our attention to the school act. When the Assembly passed this most important law, which certainly in its operation should be equal to all, and acknowledge no distinction of national origin among those upon whom it is binding, they seemed to consider us, for having (may I say?) the misfortune of being protestants and of another descent, as beneath those of their own origin and religion, and therefore unworthy of having a separate school, like them for our sisters and daughters. This is too incredible to be believed without the strongest proof. But the evidence is to the point and positive. The act after mentioning the number of schools which were to be allowed to each county, further adds, (sec. I.) "And for one additional and separate school for girls in the school district in each Roman catholic parish or mission in which the church or chapel is situate, at the rate of £20 currency per annum.'

What more is wanting? What more can be asked? What more need we seek for to discover the true spirit that actuates the revolutionists in their dealings with the Townships? Is not their selfishness manifest? Is not their perfidy clear as the noon day? It is: it is: is the reply of every true friend of this section of country. And yet, in the face of these facts that I have adduced, and of many others that might be brought forward, they have the audacity to call themselves friends of the Townships. Friends indeed! What a monstrous perversion of language! They care not a straw for us or our interests. So that they may preserve their own pitiful, vaunted nationality, truth and conscience is considered a mere trifle: treason and rebellion as things of naught. To talk of patriotism and revolution in the same breath is a direct contradiction in terms. Dr. Johnson, than whom no man was more sagacious and clear sighted as to the true nature of things, speaks much to the purpose: "A man sometimes starts up a patriot only by disseminating discontent, and propagating reports of secret influence, of dangerous counsels, of violated rights and encroaching usurpation. This practice is no certain note of patriotism. To instigate the populace with rage beyond the provocation, is to suspend public happiness if not to destroy it. He is no lover of his country, that unnecessarily disturbs its peace. Few errors, and few faults of government can justify an appeal to the rabble; who ought not to judge of what they cannot understand, and whose opinions are not propagated by reason but by contagion, &c. To fill the newspapers with sly hints of corruption and intrigue, to circulate the Middlesex Journal or London Pacquet' (that is the Minerve and Vindicator) 'may be zeal, but it may likewise be interest and malice. To offer a petition not expected to be granted; to insult a king with a rude remonstrance, only because there is no punishment for legal insolence, is not courage, for there is no danger; nor patriotism, for it tends to the subversion of order, and lets wickedness loose upon the land by destroying the reverence due to sovereign authority.'

Thus it seems that pseudo-patriotism in his days was the same as it is now. It is still, generally speaking, to use the doctor's own energetic language, 'the last refuge of a scoundrel.' Surely, then, if such be the character of the self styled patriots of Lower Canada, as a body, there can be no reason assigned why we should look up to them as our fathers in political science. If, instead of labouring for the real good of the country, they strive to embarass the government, to destroy order, and to introduce a reign of anarchy, terror and dismay, we can have no confidence in them; we cannot but detest and avoid them as the enemies of mankind.

The people of the Townships are too watchful of their true interests to be cajoled by men from whose tongues they hear words of flattery, but in whose right hands they perceive bitter arrows of death. They are not so ignorant of the real state of things as to be made, with their eyes open, the tools of designing revolutionists. If they are injured, they feel it. If they are oppressed, they are not unconscious of it. If they are befriended, they are sensible of the kindness. Let the men of the Townships be always of this mind and they will prosper, and be happy, peaceful and contented.

NEMO.

Philipsburg, 23d April, 1835.

FROM ENGLAND.

IMPORTANT

VISCOUNT CANTERBURY (SIR C. M. SUTTON) is appointed COMMISSIONER for CANADA to settle all political differences in the Colonies, and will leave England on the 30th April.

We are indebted to the kindness of one friend for the Albany Journal of the 17th instant; and to another friend for a copy of Lord Aberdeen's Despatch. We deem the information, contained in these papers, so important to the Colony in general, and to the Townships in particular, that we lose no time in putting our subscribers and others in possession of it. The time has come when an end will be put to the political contentions in the Colony, and when our Representatives, being relieved by His Majesty's government from agitating grievances, will have only to proceed to the real business of the country.

The Provincial Parliament is called for despatch of business, on 30th May: in order that it may be in session when the Commissioner shall arrive. And we trust that every Constitutional Member will be at his post.

The affairs of Lower Canada underwent some discussion in the House of Lords on the night of the 19th—the debate being opened by Lord Brougham, on the presentation of a petition of that Province. The Standard charges the Whigs and Radicals with being the cause of all the disaffection in the Canadas, by reason of their misgovernment. It says—

"The Whigs and Radicals are universally and all equally, culpable, as having by both seditious excitement and misgovernment induced the present danger to our American possessions. To borrow a law phrase, they are seized of the guilt, *per my et per tout*. It is curiously characteristic of these united factions, that they have never possessed power during the last century, without, upon their retirement leaving some important member of the empire either on the eve of rebellion, or in a state of flagrant civil war.—The termination of Walpole's long Whig administration was followed, at an interval of a very few years, by the rebellion of 1745: a Whig administration forfeited the American Colonies. The Whig Lieutenancy of lord Fitzwilliams was followed by the Irish rebellion of 1798: and now the Whig Radical Government of four years, has brought the affairs of the Canadas to a crisis. This cannot be accidental; and indeed the political philosopher will find little difficulty in tracing the inherent vice of a party, which, where it finds peace, uniformly leaves rebellion; that vice is compounded of the dogmatic insolence that always assumes its own infallibility as to ends; and that perfect indifference to the morality of politics, which never scruples to avail itself of any means."

Viscount Canterbury, (the late Speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton,) has been selected to proceed to Canada, as commissioner, to settle the disputes that have arisen there, and was to embark for that colony about the 30th of April, in a ship of war. His Lordship would take out his lady and family to Quebec, and it is expected that he will be absent on his mission about a twelvemonth. Lord Canterbury had not yet taken his seat in the House of Lords.

Gen. Sir Henry Johnson, Baronet, is dead. He was the second senior officer in the service, having entered the army as an ensign, in 1761. He served in the American Revolutionary war, under Sir William Howe, and also under Cornwallis.

The London Gazette announces that Lord Cowley has been appointed British Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of France.

DESPATCH.

LORD ABERDEEN to LORD AYLMER.

DOWNING STREET, 14th Feb. 1835.

MY LORD,

In conformity with the pledge given in despatch of the 8th January, I can assure your Lordship that His Majesty's Government have not ceased to direct their anxious attention to the discovery of those means which appeared to offer the most reasonable prospect of bringing to a happy termination the existing differences between the House of Assembly of Lower Canada and the Executive Government of the Province. This inquiry has been undertaken with a deep sense of the importance of the object to be attained, and has been prosecuted with the most zealous and earnest endeavours to arrive at a favourable result; but I cannot disguise from your Lordship that throughout the investigation, I have found myself surrounded by no common difficulties.

Your Lordship will recollect that in the year 1828 a committee of the House of Commons was appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the state of the Civil Government of Canada, which, after a laborious and protracted examination, embodied in their report various suggestions, calculated in their opinion for the improvement of the administration of the affairs of the Province.

This report was declared by the House of Assembly of Lower Canada to be "An imperishable monument of the justice and profound wisdom of the committee;' and to point out the certain mode of removing all the evils of which the people of Canada had complained.

On a future occasion I may endeavour to shew, and I hope incontrovertibly, the manner in which the recommendations of the committee have been carried into full effect. At present I will only observe that, notwithstanding the general enthusiasm with which the appearance of the report was hailed by the House of Assembly, a spirit of discontent, from whatever cause arising, has continued gradually to increase among the members of that body, until in the last year it has burst forth with a vehemence altogether unparalleled. This spirit was remarkably exhibited in the 92 resolutions passed by the House of Assembly on the 23d of February, 1834. These resolutions were referred to a committee of the House of Commons on the 25th April, and occupied their attention for a considerable time. On the 3d July the committee closed their labours with a report, in which they did full justice to the anxiety of the Home Government to carry into execution the suggestions of the select committee of 1828; and declared that the endeavours of the Government to that end had been unremitting, and guided in all cases by a desire to promote the interests of the Province.

The committee delivered no opinion on the subject matter of any one of the resolutions submitted to their consideration; but lamented that mutual misconception appeared to prevail, which they hoped might be removed; and finally expressed their persuasion that the practical measures for the future administration of the affairs of Lower Canada, might best be left to the consideration of the Government, who were responsible for their adoption and execution.

From that period up to the present day I do not find that any measures have been undertaken in compliance with the recom-

mendation of the Committee of the House of Commons. On the 15th Novr. the day on which the dissolution of the late Administration took place, Your Lordship was apprized by Mr. Spring Rice that he was prepared to transmit very full instructions on the various important points upon which it was essential for your Lordship to be informed on the approaching meeting of the Assembly of Lower-Canada; but in consequence of the event which had then occurred, he was prevented from making any further communication—not being aware of the nature and purport of these contemplated instructions, Your Lordship will see that I have thus been deprived of the fruits of the matured reflection of my Predecessor; and that on my own accession to office, I find this complicated question very much in the same situation in which it was left by the Committee of the House of Commons on the 3d July;...with this difference, however, that the difficulties of its solution have been materially aggravated by the additional delay of six months.

In adverting to this delay, Your Lordship will not understand that it is with the view of imputing blame to any one, but simply for the purpose of expressing my regret that a crisis should now have arrived, in which a prompt decision is rendered indispensible, and that it must be taken at a moment under circumstances when there exists a peculiar necessity for the most careful review of all that has passed, and for the most deliberate reflection on the consequences of any step that may be adopted.

The painful situation in which Your Lordship has long been placed, and the personal relation in which you have been made to stand towards the House of Assembly form no slight addition to the embarrassments which obstruct the successful termination of the question at issue....It is due, however, to Your Lordship to state that from your first assumption of the Government of Lower Canada, my Predecessors in the Department over which I now preside, have signified their general approbation of the conduct you have pursued in the Administration of the affairs of that Province. ....With satisfaction I add that from an examination of your Lordship's official correspondence, commencing at the period referred to, I can see no reason to dissent from the accuracy of these opinions. At the same time it must be obvious that the exasperated feelings so prevalent in the Assembly, and the alienation of that branch of the Canadian Legislature from the Executive Government have rendered your Lordship's position so extremely difficult as even to forbid the hope that you would be enabled to employ with any good effects the words of conciliation and peace. Looking then at the manner of dealing with the whole of this subject, and bearing in mind the circumstances to which I have already adverted, His Majesty's Government are of opinion that the exigencies of the case demand some more decisive and expeditious mode of proceeding than is consistent with an ordinary and regular correspondence. Your Lordship's sentiments have been more than once expressed to the same effect.

The King has therefore been humbly advised to select an individual, possessing His Majesty's entire confidence, who has the advantage of being unconnected with past Canadian politics, and has had the opportunity by recent personal communication with the members of His Majesty's Government, of ascertaining their views and intentions more fully and unreservedly than could be possible by means of written statements. This individual, in the capacity of His Majesty's Royal Commissioner, will repair to Lower Canada, fully instructed to examine, and, if possible, to terminate the various points of discussion, in the hope of composing all those differences which have so long agitated the Province, and which have deeply afflicted His Majesty's loyal subjects.

Without attempting to give your Lordship even an outline of the instructions of which His Majesty's Extraordinary Commissioner will be the bearer, it may be sufficient to inform you that his mission will not be so much for the purpose of promulgating any new principles of government, as of carrying into effect that system of liberality and justice towards the people of Lower Canada, which His Majesty has long since adopted, and which a committee of the House of Commons recently declared had characterized the policy and conduct of all those by whom the affairs of this Kingdom have been administered during the last six years. Although the result which has hitherto attended these efforts might perhaps render our hopes of the future less sanguine, it will not diminish the desire nor the determination of the King to satisfy all the just claims and expectations of his Canadian subjects. They will find that His Majesty is unwearied in his endeavours to establish "an impartial, conciliatory and Constitutional Government in Canada." For this end it will be the object of His Majesty to renew an inquiry into every alleged grievance; to examine every cause of complaint, and to apply a remedy to every abuse that may still be found to prevail: for this end there is no sacrifice he would not cheerfully make, which should be compatible with the fundamental principles of the constititution itself, and with the continued existence of the Province as a possession of the British Crown.

I am unwilling to believe that the Canadian people can be insensible to feelings so truly paternal, which, as Your Lordship well knows, have not been recently adopted or on the spur of the occasion, and for which we may reasonably hope that His Majesty will be rewarded by the loyalty and attachment of all classes in the important Province now under your immediate government.

Your Lordship will communicate this despatch to the House of Assembly in the usual manner. Although without any direct information on the subject from Your Lordship, I learn from other sources of intelligence, that the Legislature will have met on the 27th of January. Should their sittings have been adjourned, you will take such means as may appear most proper for bringing the Despatch under the knowledge of the Members, before the period of their reassembling in Parliament.

I will not fail to give Your Lordship timely notice of the probable arrival of His Majesty's Commissioner, in order that you may be enabled to convoke the Assembly with the least possible inconvenience to its Members.

I have the honor to be,
My Lord,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) ABERDEEN.

MR. HUME, AND SIR R. PEEL.

Mr. Hume, some years ago, declared that he would never fight a duel; and, under cover of that declaration, has often spoken words which he had afterwards been obliged to eat. During the debate on the Irish tithe question, Mr. Hume labored strenuously to prove a charge of inconsistency against ministers, in apparently supporting measures of reform now, to which they were last year opposed; and used language which gave personal offence to Sir R. Peel. Mr. Hume was considered of so much importance to the revolutionists of Canada, as to have been requested, in the 92 resolutions, to support their views;—that cause is a bad one which can command the *influence* only of such men as Hume and Roebuck. We give the following Extract that our readers may be even more fully acquainted with the character of Mr. Hume.

The inconsistency generally (said Mr. Hume) of those Hon. Members who support the resolutions did appear to him most unaccountable. He could not conceive how men of honor could contend in one year for principles the most plain and intelligible, and in the next, without any change of circumstances, maintain the direct contrary.

Sir Robert Peel, having previously spoken at length, now briefly replied to Mr. Hume, but—

"Before he sat down, it was necessary that he should ask one question of the hon. member for Middlesex. 'Does the hon. member (said R. Peel) mean to say that my conduct in reference to this question was not that of a man of honor?"

Mr. Hume—Had I been in the situation of the right hon. baronet, (cries of "Oh oh") I should not have acted as he has done. According to my idea of a man of honor he should not take up and support a measure of which, in similar circumstances, he had been the strenuous opponent.

Sir Robert Peel—Does the hon. member mean to say that I have acted in a manner inconsistent with the character of a man of honor? He knows the nature of the question—he knows the course I took on the former occasion, that which I have pursued on the present is of course before him. Does he mean that I have acted in a manner inconsistent with the character of a man of honor? Does he mean to apply the language he has used to me?

Mr. Hume.—I have no hesitation in saying that as a political man I should not have adopted the same conduct as that of the right hon. baronet.

Sir Robert Peel replied, that he had wished to put a question to the hon. member for Middlesex. (Loud and repeated cries of "Order, order;" the chairman interposed, and the right hon. baronet sat down.)

In the course of the evening the following correspondence took place between the gentlemen:—

"House of Commons, March 20,
Friday Evening.

"Sir,—In the course of the debate this evening, I understood you to make use of expressions of which the purport was that I was pursuing a course in respect to the measure then under discussion that was inconsistent with the conduct of a man of honour.

"Thinking it probable that such expressions fell from you inconsiderately, and in the warmth of debate, I gave you the opportunity of recalling them, by an appeal to you in the house.

"I could not with propriety, pursue the subject further at the time, but I am confident that you will feel that the expressions of which I complain are not consistent with the usages of Parliament, and not warranted by the freedom of debate, and that you will therefore not hesitate to disavow them as applied to me.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
"ROBERT PEEL."

"Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P."

"House of Commons, March 20.

"I expressed myself in the debate, to the best of my recollection, strongly commendatory of the conduct of the Government of which you are the head, inasmuch as you and your party had objected to and rejected the bill of last session for settling the tithes of Ireland, as inconsistent with the welfare of the country; and I added, that I did not consider it honourable to have done so, and then to come down, as you have now done, to propose a measure every way similar.

"when you appealed to me in the house as to the words I had used, and whether I intended to cast imputations on your honour, my immediate answer was, that I could not say what your feelings of honour were, but that I, as a political man, should not have considered it honourable if I had so acted.

"It is, therefore, quite clear in my recollection, that whilst I made my observations in allusion to what I would have done, I did not impugn your honour as a gentleman in the course you had taken, as the views you take of your political duty are doubtless as pure as my own, or those of any other member, although your political conduct be the reverse of mine.

"I am not aware, therefore, that you had any just grounds for understanding my expressions to impugn your honour as a gentleman. I had no intention to make any such personal charge; and I regret that in the heat of debate I should have so expressed myself to convey a meaning I did not intend.

"I remain your obedient servant,
"JOSEPH HUME."

"Right Hon., Sir Robert Peel, M. P."

MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, APRIL 28, 1835.

☞ Editors in the United States who exchange with us, will please direct their papers to Highgate Post-office.

"The inhabitants of the Townships have deserted the land of their birth, and are now ready to sell that of their adoption for dollars." "The hated English." This language of the anti-British faction is not to be misunderstood; it embodies the maxim on which the members of that faction have based their conduct towards the Townships, ever since East Canada began to assume political importance This maxim is the key by which we are to solve every public action of that party in which we are concerned."

For many years the Townships preserved no vote in the Councils of the country; and their petitions to the Assembly, for a just representation, were received by that House—to be cast under its tables, as so much waste paper. Justice demanded the measure, but justice was spurned by the House of Assembly; we are "the hated English." Time has served but to increase the enmity of the "French origin" against us, and no occasion is omitted to throw odium and infamy upon us. Within the walls of the Assembly we have been denounced as "ready to sell our country for dollars;" in out-of-door harangues and addresses we are styled "the hated English." The French leaders have charged us, as a people, with political infamy, and their conduct has truly been commensurate with the import of their expressions. Year after year petitions have been presented for having a duty laid on American produce, in order to protect the industry of the Canadian farmer; but they have been rejected, and what was the reason? The petitions came from the Townships; and "the inhabitants of the Townships have deserted the land of their birth, and are ready to sell that of their adoption for dollars:" to protect us is to protect infamy; we are "the hated English."

The petitions of an infamous people must be treated with contempt,—with insult; nay, those who support these petitions, or vindicate our honor, are declared by Frenchmen to have forfeited by so doing, the rights and freedom of British subjects; they are hurried away to a prison...they are immured in a dungeon.

Need we any more glaring instances of their burning hatred against the Townships?—and, still, there are some of the English—one here and one there...among us, who think that they are right in thinking well of the views of the French party; the House of Assembly has compelled us to adopt these distinctive terms—against our inclination we use them, but we are not yet so much ashamed of the English name as to throw it aside because the leader of the House of Aesembly and his party have declared that that name alone is with them reason sufficient for excluding us from the halls of legislation. We, British and Irish emigrants and the descendants of British and Irish emigrants, are told in a British colony that we are foreigners and aliens, nay more, that we "have deserted the land of our birth and are ready to sell that of our adoption for dollars."—It is then the duty of the English throughout the Province, and most especially for us in the Townships to be united; duty to our King demands it, our self-preservation demands it, our interest demands it. In the House of Assembly, which is elected by the people; that is, the French, our name is proscribed, our petitions are trampled upon; let also the Legislative Council be elected by the people (that is, the French) and farewell to the liberty of Englishmen in Canada.

The revenue of this Province is created by British industry and British capital, and of right we, the British population, should receive the benefit of at least a part of it. Hundreds of pounds are readily granted yearly for the support of the French colleges and other French Institutions; but when last session a petition was presented from Sherbrooke county for a small sum to support a Seminary there, how was it treated? The French party declared that "it was inconsistent with the honour and dignity of the House" to receive it. "Away with it; away with it. It comes from an ENGLISH county, in the English Townships, for the benefit of an English Seminary; it is inconsistent with the honour and dignity of this House to look at it. The inhabitants of the Townships have deserted the land of their birth and are ready to sell that of their adoption for dollars." We truly are "the hated English." But there is a moral energy in the Townships which, if united and properly directed, would soon teach those whose whole strength is in mere numbers to avoid treating us with insult—if it would not force them to treat us with respect.

FIRE INSURANCE.—We published in our first number the report of the meeting held at Philipsburg, on the 17th instant, relative to this subject. The subscription books for the Mutual Fire Insurance Company for the Counties of Missiskoui and Rouville, now lie at the post office in this village, and the sum required by the Act [£15000; 60,000 dollars) is already nearly subscribed. A meeting must therefore soon be called to appoint Directors. The Act which establishes Mutual Fire insurance Companies, may not be in the hands of the great number for whose benefit it has been formed, and we, therefore, give a few sections of it in another column, and we shall continue it, so as to place before our readers the more important provisions.

The County of Shefford seems to be making no effort to obtain the advantages of an Insurance Company; are our friends aslep, or do they think it rather expensive for one County to form such a company alone? If the former, we shall take the liberty of jogging them: if the latter, we think it would be mutually advantageous for Missiskoui, Rouville & Shefford to unite & form one Company, and the best opportunity for doing so is the present. We subjoin some excellent remarks from a correspondent in the Advocate:

"It is very evident that the formation of a society, for the Counties of Stanstead, Sherbrooke, and Drummond, and one for Shefford & Missiskoui, and perhaps L'Acadie would very conveniently accommodate the people of the Townships. As the societies are intended for the general convenience of the inhabitants, all proper care should be taken to make at the commencement, such arrangements as will extend the benefits of mutual insurance with the least trouble to the greatest number of inhabitants. It is to be hoped that those who are taking an active part in this business, will feel themselves under obligations to accommodate as far as possible, the great mass of inhabitants. Although there may be at this time, some entire counties, the inhabitants of which, are quite indifferent, in regard to the formation of these societies, it is quite certain that after the benefits of mutual insurance are more generally known; but one opinion will prevail upon the subject, and all the inhabitants of the Province, will consider it a privilege to reside within the limits of those counties which are accommodated with a mutual fire insurance company."

A correspondent informs us, under date of Potton, 24th April, that a Constitutional Association had just been formed in that Township "on the principle of the Quebec Association. Lemuel Orcutt, Chairman; Thomas Gilman, Secretary." This is well: and these associations are increasing constantly. The strength of loyalty is becoming concentrated as well as augmented; and daily is the fact becoming more evident, that not long will the revolutionists be even numerically our superiors.

LAWRENCE, [who attempted to shoot the President of the United States] has been tried and found "not guilty, according to the indictment—the prisoner labouring unber insanity, at the time of the act."

For the Missiskoui Standard.

MR. EDITOR, SIR:

In your "Prospectus" you have solicited "original communications from inteligent farmers" &c. I am ostensibly a farmer, though I may not be legitimally entitled te the appellation of "intelligent," yet I have the vanity to think myself as "intelligent" as most of my neighbors. I have made a valuable discovery, of which, most of my neighbors are entirely ignorant, and feel it an indispensible duty to make the same public, which I cannot do better than through the medium of your useful paper.

This enables me, while my neighbors get their living by honest industry, to get mine without the fatigue of labor; and can you imagine how I gain a living (and a good one too) without labor? I have no money at interest, nor in pocket, except enough to supply immediate wants; still, I live as well as the best of my neighbors. My manner of doing business is as follows—I am active and alert in prying into the affairs of my neighbors, and where I can succeed in picking up any circumstance either for, or against them, I lose no time in ridding myself of the burden which the possession of a secret, a tale of scandal, an idle or vague observation imposes upon me. I go immediately to the person or persons concerned, and make a full report of all I have been able to collect, and am also careful, to make such additions, by way of interest, as the case seems to require. And indeed the interest is sometimes no trifle. If the matter has passed through a few hands before it comes into my possession, or reaches me late, the interest not unfrequently exceeds the principal, but it is always paid with the most scrupulous exactness; and I am always sure of a liberal reward. Upon these rewards I live.

In this way I have supported myself for the last fifteen years. And I feel warranted from my long experience in the business, in recommending the same to others.

I am going into the business more largely, by which means, I shall in a short time secure to myself a fortune; when I shall retire from business, to enjoy the fruits of my labour in my declining years.

I am Sir,
The world's well wisher, GOSSIP.

P. S. I send you the above, hoping, it may find a place in your columns; it is not particularly intended for my neighboring farmers, but for the benefit of all who may chance to read it. I shall from time to time give you some short details of my proceedings which, will be to your readers both useful and interesting. I shall prepare myself the ensuing summer to give lessons in my art, to those who may wish to learn it; they will find it useful and (like many other qualities they now possess) almost indispensible, when they shall have acquired a correct knowledge of it.

Not a single orange it is said, will this year come from St. Augustine—most of the trees have suffered so much from the severe winter. Of the lemons and limes, not a tree is left. Whole loss estimated at 800,000 dollars.

Washington Irving has in press an account of his visit to the western woods and prairies in 1832.

LIST OF LETTERS.

LETTERS FOR SUTTON.

Joseph Taylor.
Stephen Bigalow.

ST. ARMAND.

Mary Hildreth.
Daniel Cheney.
Lot Woodbury.
Ira Ingalls.
Sally Farnam.
Dorcas Austin.
John Fay.
Asa Tisdale.
John Booky.
Thomas Cushing.

EAST BERKSHIRE, Vt.

D. B. Blakely.

J. CHAMBERLIN, P. M.

SHERIFF SALES.

John Jones vs. George Clarke. A lot containing 125 acres in superficies, being lot No. 10, in the 3d range of the Township of Dunham, with improvements. To be sold at the church of Dunham, on the 18th May, at 10 o'clock A. M.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George, by the Rev. Mr. Townsend, Mr. David L. Lewis, to Miss Elizabeth M. Sawyer.

At Clarenceville, by the Rev. Matthew Lang, Mr. James Curtis, to Miss Anna Boardman.

In the Eastern parish of the seigniory of St. Armand, by the Rev. M. Lang, Mr. Chauncy Abbot to Miss Mary Carpenter.

In Shoreham, Vt. on the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. F. Goodhue, Calvin S. Millington, M. D. of Lawrence, N. Y. to Miss Eliza Ann Wood, daughter of Daniel Wood, Esq. of the former place.

DEATHS.

At Noyan, on the 13th inst. Eliza, wife of John Trepannia, after an illness of several months, which she bore with exemplary fortitude.

At Saganaw, Michigan Territory, on the 24th ultimo, of Phrenitis, in the 15th year of his age, Clinton Grattan Chamberlin, youngest son of Dr. John B. Chamberlin, formerly resident Physician of this village.

In St. Albans, Vt. on the 2d inst. Mrs. Susanna Hoyt, wife of Mr. Joseph Hoyt, aged 66. On the 6th inst. suddenly, an infant son of H. R. Beardsley, Esq.

FARMS

FOR SALE, in the Township of Dunham, a farm, containing one hundred and forty acres, being part of lot No. 12, in the 2d range. About 100 acres are under a good state of cultivation. There are on this farm a frame-dwelling-house, thirty feet by forty, one story and a half high, well finished; two large barns; sheds; and a good orchard: all in good condition.

ALSO, the west half of lot No. 4, in the 4th range, in the Township of Dunham, containing 100 acres; and about 12 acres of No. 4. in the 5th range: about 40 acres of said pieces being improved.

ALSO, in the Township of Sutton, a farm containing 200 acres; being lot No. 5, in the 7th range; having about 40 acres of improved land, with a good log house, and frame barn thereon.

ALSO, forty-five acres of land, in the East parish of the Seigniory of St. Armand, being part of lot No. 16, in the 14th range, with a small frame-house well finished, and a barn thereon; and having about twenty five acres of improved land, situated within one mile of the village of Frelighsburg.

All the above described lands are of an excellent quality, and will be sold at a cheap rate. One half of the purchase money will be required on signing the deed, the other half may remain in the purchasers hands for three or four years if desired. Indisputable titles will be given.

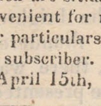
Any person wishing to purchase the whole or any part of the above, can obtain further information, by applying to the subscriber, in the village of Frelighsburg.

OREN J. KEMP.
St. Armand, 27th April, 1835. 3

FOR SALE, PLOUGHS and Plough POINTS, "Stow's make." Also, Points to fit Stanbridge Ploughs. Inquire of
H. M. CHANDLER.
Frelighsburg, 27th April, 1835. 3

PERSONS indebted to the subscriber are respectfully requested to pay him. Those who have been often dunned, will receive an unwelcome visiter, unless payment is made before the 10th of May next. C. H. HUNTINGTON.
Frelighsburg, 27th April, 1835. 3 1w

FOR SALE,

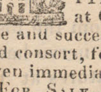


TWO VILLAGE LOTS, on one is a small Dwelling House and Wheelwright Shop, on the other is a two story House and small horse Barn; both of which are situated in the village of Freligh[sburg], [c]onvenient for mechanics, and will be so[l]d cheap. For particulars inquire of C. H. Hun[t]ington, or the subscriber. HENRY B[...]RIGHT.
April 15th, 1835.

NOTICE.

THE subscri[ber] advises all persons indebted to the N[o]tarial and Registry offices, held at this village, to call and settle the same without delay, as in default thereof legal measures will be taken to compel payment.
S. P. LALANNE, Deputy Registrar.
Missiskoui County Registry Office.
Frelighsburg, 20th April, 1835.

TO LET.



THE STORE, ASHERY, DISTILLERY, and part of the SHED, at Churchville, belonging to the estate and succession of the late John Church, jr. and consort, for a term of years, and possession given immediately.

FOR SALE, upon the aforesaid premises, 45 bushels of wheat, 50 do. corn, 150 do. oats, and 250 bushels of potatoes. Also, a quantity of rye, buck-wheat, and about 15 tons good barn hay. For further particulars enquire of either of the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate will find it for their interest to settle the same immediately.

JOSHUA CHAMBERLIN, } Executors
SAMUEL WOOD, } & Tutors.
Churchville, 1st April, 1835.

POETRY.

STANZAS.—FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Written by an Officer long resident in India, on his return to England.

I came, but they had pass'd away,—
The fair in form, the pure in mind,—
And like a stricken deer I stray,
Where all are strange and none are kind;
Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose;
O that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.

Years have passed o'er me like a dream
That leaves no trace on memory's page;
I look around me, and I seem
Some relick of a former age;
Alone as in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock my ear,
I mark the lagging course of time,
Without a wish, a hope, a fear!

Yet I had hopes—and they have fled;
And I had fears—all, all too true;
My wishes too—but they are dead,
And what have I with life to do?
'Tis but to wear a weary load,
I may not, dare not, cast away,
To sigh for one small, still abode,
Where I may sleep as sweet as they:—

As they, the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep;
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep;
To weep beneath the silent moon,
With none to chide, to hear, to see;
Life can bestow no dearer boon
On one whom death disdains to free.

I leave the world that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead,
And fancy consecrates the spot
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.
I see each shade, all silvery white,
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light,
And the pale morning chills my eye.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise,
The lamp of life burns feebly now,—
When stranger hands shall close my eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
Unknown I liv'd—so let me die;
Nor stone nor monumental cross,
Tell where his nameless ashes lie,
Who sigh'd for gold, and found it dross.

THE BRIDE.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow,
The ring of gold is on her finger,
Her lips have breathed the marriage vow,
Why would she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade,
Why dim her eye, when doubt is over,
Why does her slender form for aid,
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret,
For solemn vows so lately spoken?
Is it a fear, scarce owned as yet,
That her new ties may soon be broken?

Oh, no! such causes darken not
The cloud that 's swiftly passing o'er her,
Her's is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given,
To him who now her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly striven,
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years,
That, to her spirit strongly clinging,
Is dimming her blue eyes with tears,
And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties new;
Of wishes that may prove deceiving—
Of all she hopes, yet fears to do,
Of all she loves, and all she's leaving.

It is the thought of by-gone days,
Of them, the fond, the gentle hearted,
Who meet not now her tearful gaze,
The dear, the absent, the departed!

Oh! who can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping?
Or who would seek those tears to chide
That fresh and green her heart are keeping?

Not he who with a lover's care,
And husband's pride, is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps; for he can share
The gentle thoughts that need no hiding.

Soon love for him those tears will chase,
And smiles re-light her eye with gladness,
And none will blame who truly trace
To its pure source, her transient sadness.

BIOGRAPHY.

LORD NELSON.

Horatio Nelson was born September 29, 1758, at the parsonage house of Burnham-Thorpe, in Norfolk, of which parish his father was rector. He went to sea at the age of twelve, as a midshipman. In 1777, he was made a lieutenant, and in 1779 a post-captain. He now went ont to the West Indies in command of the Hinchinbroke, and distinguished himself by several gallant exploits on that station. While here he married Mrs. Nesbit, the widow of a physician, by whom however he had no family. But the most splendid part of Nelson's career commenced with the war of 1793. It would be altogether impossible for us here to present even the most rapid recital of the numerous actions in which he bore a part from this date till his death. Among many bright names which illuminate this part of the naval history of England, his shines the brightest of all. Wherever the cannon thundered on the deep, it might be said, there was Nelson. When early in 1793 he presented his claim for a pension, in consequence of the recent loss of his right arm in an attack on Teneriffe, he stated in his memorial that he had been present in more than a hundred engagements. On occasion of his receiving that wound, which nearly proved fatal, he came home for a short time to England; and Mr. Southey, by whom the story of the hero's life has been told with singular fascination, relates the following anecdote in illustration of the popular feeling with which he was regarded, which we transcribe as equally honourable to all the parties concerned:

"His sufferings from the lost limb were long and painful. A nerve had been taken up in one of the ligatures at the time of the operation; and the ligature, according to the practice of the French surgeons, was of silk instead of waxed thread: this produced a constant irritation and discharge; and the ends of the ligature being pulled every day, in hopes of bringing it away, occasioned fresh agony. He had scarcely any intermission of pain, day or night, for three months after his return to England. Lady Nelson, at his earnest request, attended the dressing his arm, till she had acquired sufficient skill and resolution to dress it herself. One night, during this state of suffering, after a day of constant pain, Nelson retired early to bed, in hopes of enjoying some respite by means of laudanum. He was at that time lodging in Bond street; and the family was soon disturbed by a mob knocking loudly and violently at the door. The news of Duncan's victory had been made public, and the house was not illuminated. But when the mob were told that Admiral Nelson lay there in bed badly wounded, the foremost of them made answer, 'You shall hear no more from us to-night:' and, in fact, the feeling of respect and sympathy was communicated from one to another with such effect, that, under the confusion of such a night, the house was not molested again."

Nelson's two greatest victories, as all our readers know, were those of the Nile and of Trafalgar. The first was gained on the 1st of August, 1798, and effected the complete destruction of the enemy's force, all their ships, except two, being either captured or sunk. For this brilliant achievement he was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile. The battle of Trafalgar was fought on the 21st of October 1805; and there this renowned captain fell amidst the blaze of the most splendid triumph ever gained upon the seas. In reference to Nelson's character as an officer, Mr. Southey says, "Never was any commander more beloved. He governed men by their reason and their affections: they knew that he was incapable of caprice or tyranny; and they obeyed him with alacrity and joy; because he possessed their confidence as well as their love. 'Our Nel,' they used to say, 'is as brave as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb.' Severe discipline he detested, though he had been bred in a severe school; he never inflicted corporal punishment, if it were possible to avoid it; and when compelled to enforce it, he who was familiar with wounds and death suffered like a woman. In his whole life Nelson was never known to act unkindly towards an officer. If he was asked to prosecute one for ill behaviour, he used to answer, 'That there was no occasion for him to ruin a poor devil, who was sufficiently his own euemy to ruin himself.' To his midshipmen he ever shewed the most winning kindness, encouraging the diffident, tempering the hasty, counselling and befriending both."

It is to be lamented that the private character of this gallant officer was in his later years deeply stained by an infatuated attachment, which not only separated him from his wife, who ill deserved this desertion, but also hurried him on one occasion, in order to gratify the profligate and heartless woman who had obtained so unfortunate an ascendency over him, into the perpetration of an act, as foreign, we may safely say, to his real nature, as it was opposed to humanity and to justice.

MISCELLANY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WHO IS DEAD?

What a moving question, and how much may hang upon it! What a leveller! What an uncompromising distributor!–The Lord of ten thousand acres stops another Lord of twenty thousand acres, at the corner of Palace yard, and asks how it fares with a third Lord of thirty thousand acres—"Oh, my Lord", quoth he, that is questioned, "he is dead!"—A sinister, swivel-eyed, shabby-genteel-looking youth, stops another of like fortune and degree, at the corner of the Almonry (only some hundred yards removed from their Lordships' scene of action) and asks how it fares with a third gentleman that once graced the fraternity, to which the two communicants belong—"Poor fellow!" is the reply, "he is dead!"—What a leveller! The Lord and the thief are both dead; that is their record—that is the conclusion of the pampered existence of the one, and of the alley-diving, police-shunning life of the other—"They are dead!"—But there has been worse levelling still. My Lord of the thirty thousand acres expired on a couch of down—the light softened to his aching eyes through festooning curtains of embroidered silk, and each moment of his fluctuating existence watched hy an obsequious practitioner, "licensed to kill," whose trade it is to assuage the pangs of death for a consi de-ra-ti-on: the thief has expiated the mingled crime of poverty and guilt upon the scaffold; a wretched coil of rope has swung him into eternity, with none around him but the hardened annihilators of man—also "licensed to kill." But such distinctions have now become invidious—"They are dead!" and that tells all. In that single phrase of balance and account, the haughty pride of the one, and the sneaking villain-craft of the other, are summed up.

Who is dead? How variously may this question be asked, and how still more variously may it be answered. A voice may proclaim the death of one, and there comes no sigh to the announcement; while, on the other hand, a drunken tipsy blunderer may dream in his cups that one in whom life is yet strong and vigorous is dead, and stating that as fact, may raise such tears, such groans, and lamentations, as those which came from Niobe, when all "at one fell swoop" were taken from her. Sterne has touched this nearly, (what did he not touch nearly that was true to nature?) when in Trim's description of the field of battle he makes the corporal exclaim, "Who is down?—It is Tom—poor Tom! No, it is Ned! Why, then, Tom is as good a man as ever."

Who is dead? is then, indeed, a question charged with import to the very echo; and on the answer hangs more variety of condition and effect than on the voice of princes, whose breath makes nobility, so called. Nor marvel this. Death is himself a prince—yea, the very prince of princes; and though misery acquaints a man with "strange bed-fellows," it is death that consummates the bedding, and makes him an enduring lyer-down in the one universal couch, "not where he eats, but where he is eaten."

But it is in these days of philosophy, that death seems to be at its commonest. There was a time when the question—who is dead? would have excited a sort of reverential awe merely in the abstract, without waiting for the answer that was to determine the particular individual who had last fallen within the clutch of the King of Terrors. But now—Who is dead? appears to be a more matter-of course enquiry than the news of the day, or a disquisition on the last week's weather. Tell only of death, and you shall not get a hearing, while your neighbor is dilating on war to an overflowing auditory; yet what war is so perpetual as that between life and death? or on medicine; yet what medicine so potent as that which crowns all, and gives an everlasting remedy? or on racks inflicted, and dungeons built around: yet what rack so mighty, as the thought of what is or is not to be when time passes and space evanishes?—what dungeon so huge or infringible, as the all receiving bowels of the earth? Or, is it indeed a dungeon? May it not be that life is the imprisonment, and that death cometh to set free? Dr. Johnson, in his rugged but earnest manner, pronounced a ship to be a prison, with only one plank between life and death; and so, if we believe Hamlet, is all the world!

"*Haml.* Denmark's a prison.
"*Rosen.* Then is the world one.
"*Haml.* A goodly one, in which there are many wards, confines, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst."

So that with this philosophy death is the freeman's only standing ground: and he whose name is rendered in answer to the question...Who is dead? is one of the happy who have initiated themselves through the world's apprenticeship, and entered the abodes of liberty.

It would be a somewhat trite remark, should I observe, that society, or the union of men in large companies, has given rise to evil as well as to good. But, at all events, the question—Who is dead? will serve in illustration. In the multitude of men daily death is to be found: and it is this frequency of summons that has destroyed the real character of the appeal. In the first instance, a sort of self-preservation perhaps suggested this otherwise unnatural apathy; the heart of man no more desires to have grief for its portion, than his body to have whips and tortures: and therefore, when in the early days of men congregating together, shock upon shock was repeated by the blows of death, men might with no very ill grace have taken refuge in an indifference, which, though at first assumed, was soon taught to be real. Whether, however, this conjecture be correct or not, the fact is indisputable. Thousands in large cities scarcely bestow a thought upon the end of all things, and death's emblems pass them by unheeded and uncared for. The citizen walks by a shop, and hears the busy driving of nails without enquiring whether the sound proceeds from the adornment of a coffin that is to convey a remnant of mortality to the tomb—or of a trunk that is to carry the bridal dress to the expecting, blushing, heart thrilling virgin...and so, if the crowded noisy streets allow the sound of church bells to reach the ear of the passenger, he hardly notices whether they ring a joyous peal of tributary gladness, or sound the solemn knell that announces the sepulture of a departed actor from the scene of life: the very officers of the grave are imbued with the same unfitting spirit: the mutes that are placed on the threshhold of death, to give notice of the approaching ceremony, may be seen whispering together even to a joke or a smile; the ponderous coachman that drives the corpse to its long home, crowns his labor with a swilling libation, and the other attendants, nowise unsociable, join his foaming orgies with consentaneous devotion.

In the village, the question of...Who is dead? is one of deep and earnest interest, for the answer announces the taking away of one known to all the little inhabitancy of the place: the answer may sound the knell of the industrious father on whose labors hung the destiny of a little brood that by this blow of fate have become unnested and turned adrift before the strength of their days has arrived; or it may pronounce the extinction of the watchful mother, who only knew happiness in the exercise of her anxious duty, and who formed the guardian spirit of her domestic world—acting for all, caring for all, and feeling for all; or, even if the cruel hand of death has not struck one so valuable as these, still there remains some favorable recollection of him departed, (for who so bad as not to have one redeeming trait on which to hang an epitaph?) that makes the village answer to...Who is dead?—one of melancholy and mourning.

I remember an instance that will well serve to shew the truth of these remarks: and I narrate it, the rather because it goes to prove, that in the more quiet walks of man, sympathy is ever ready to be awakened, and that those feelings of regret, which, in the busier paths of life, are only rendered to close consanguinity, or still closer friendship, are in the humble village ready to flow for the stranger and the desolate.

Some short time ago, during one of my solitary rambles, it chanced that I made a sojourn of some few days at a small village called Danbury, which lies about half way between Chelmsford and Maldon. In the midst of the flat, but well cultivated county of Essex, Danbury stands on a lofty hill, and on the very highest apex of that hill stands its pretty thin-spired church, overlooking thousands on thousands of acres in the richest state of luxuriance and cultivation. After satisfying my gaze with a long look at all the beauties the prospect afforded, I remembered to have read in some topography that the village took its name from the Danes having made it one of their stations when they were in possession of this portion of the country, and that there still remained to be traced the outline of a foss and camp that they had formed for their protection on the summit of the hill. "I have given," thought I, as I recollected this, and turned away from the living prospect around me, "I have given an hour to the things of the present day, and now I will render as much to those of foregone ages." And I looked about for some one who should be able to direct me to the lines of entrenchment which I was desirous of investigating. It was then for the first time that I observed that a man was leaning against the churchyard stile near the spot that I had been occupying. The position in which he was standing was such, that I knew not whether to attribute it to an indolent desire of lounging away half an hour in the sunshine, or to an absolute demand whhich weakness or illness might be making on him for rest. This, however, was but the observation of a moment as I approached him, and commenced to state the object of which I was in search. But hardly had I finished my first sentence, when he stopped me by a peremptory waving of his hand, while, at the same time, he exclaimed, in a tremulous and uneven voice, which, nevertheless gained power as he continued speaking.—"Foolish man, what have you to do with the events of a thousand years agone? Live in your own time and be satisfied: or, if you must be prying and disquisitive, look, as I do, at the glories of the sun, and his shadowings over the face of the earth. There is more philosophy in that than in all the savage records that England ever witnessed. It is for this that I have mastered weakness, which will soon master me, and climbed this hill—once again to see the sun sink below the fruitful plains...once again to see him, at his last, illuming the pleasant things of nature, and watch the lapse of his brilliant blaze into the grey tint of twilight—and then, to bed, to bed!"

I was somewhat puzzled with these remarks, which flowed smoothly enough from the stranger, but which seemed to me to have a tinge of incoherency in them; neither was I particularly enamoured with the manner in which he had rebuked my antiquarian ardor. As soon, therefore, as he came to a pause, I made him a hasty parting bow, and proceeded along the side of the hill to endeavor to discover the Danish camp for myself.

The next morning, as I was sitting at breakfast in the little apartment which I had secured exclusively at the Griffin's Head, I heard a considerable bustle in the houses, little like the usual undisturbed tranquility of the place. The cause of confusion was soon announced to me by my host, who told me that a stranger, who had engaged a bed in the house the night before, had been that morning found dead in his bed. It immediately struck me that this could be no other than the person whom I had seen the evening before leaning against the churchyard stile; and on entering the room where the corpse was lying, my suspicions were confirmed; the countenance was the same, save that the eyes were shut, and there was no longer to be seen that wild expression which they had lent to the whole face; on the contrary there was a calmly placid look pervading all the features, and as I gazed upon them, I could not help imagining that they reflected, as it were, the sober twilight for which he had been waiting.

The suddenness of his decease made it necessary that an inquest should be held upon the body; but nothing explanatory of his life or death was elucidated. The only information (if so it might be called) was obtained from a letter which he himself had written the night of his death, and which was found lying open on the table of his bed-room, its contents were curious and worth preserving:

"Yes, this is the night on which I am to die! I feel the decay of mortality to be gradually stealing over me, becoming more and more powerful and irresistible. Yes, God be thanked, this very night I shall die. I, that have lived to feel a hundred deaths, shall now at last grapple with the real end-all. Ellen, that has gone before me, is waiting for me; as I looked this evening at the setting sun, I thought I saw her smiling at me through his illumination, and her light step seemed to be tripping before my eyes down the hill into the glad fields of spring. She beckoned me, and I shall come. Let those that bury me, bury with me this letter. Let it be laid open on my heart, that the name of Ellen may be near me; and if those who perform this last office want to give me an epitaph, let "Gone to join Ellen" be my only record. Ellen lies in the deep sea—I shall lie in the cold, cold earth; but though the elements separate us, God will not! This night accomplished, and Ellen and I are together for ever."

The letter was, as he desired, placed on the bosom of the corpse, when it was laid in the coffin; and when the day of his funeral arrived, mournfully did it move from the inn to the churchyard. None were there that knew him—myself and the landlord were probably the only two that had seen him alive. But still right mournful was the procession. His world farewelling letter had won him "golden opinions from all sorts of men," and the humble, honest, feeling villagers, paid him the tribute of an earnest tear, as his coffin was lowered deep into the bosom of the hill of Danbury—of that hill on which he had taken his leave of the sun, of the world, and of Ellen.

Thus much for the funeral of the stranger at Danbury Hill. But as I sit in my solitary chamber, writing of these melancholly things, the whole air seems to ring with the knell of—Who is dead?—Ay, even as this question is written,—even as this question is read, a thousand slip from the scene of life, and descend to dust and worms. Not only are dying and perishing away from the face of the globe those that belong to nations we scarcely know by name—but who is there in mighty England, with her colonies, her islands, and her possessions, that almost cover the face of the earth, that has not friends far, far away, dear friends—friends of their earliest youth, friends of their happiest hours?...Even so! And perhaps as we exclaim...Who is dead? Truth, could her voice be heard through the maze of space and distance, might at the moment reply...A brother!...A sister!—A friend!...A wife!

Who is dead?...Even as we ask, the daring and high spirited mariner is struggling with the waves, while peace-meal drives the wreck...even as we ask, he is for the last time casting his eyes around the lashing ocean for a relief that cometh not—and sinks into oblivion as he looks.

Who is dead?—At this moment the horrors of a distant war may be raging; the patriot may be groaning on the blood-stained earth—the rending curse of a hundred wounded may be frightening the very birds of the air, who are waiting till they may stoop to their prey.

Who is dead?—As we ask it, honesty that has struggled to a miracle against the neglect and the ill-usage of man, may be at length ceasing to struggle, and seeking its first and last refuge in the tomb!

Who is dead?—Yea, even now at the instant the answer may be,—the patient wife—the good man striving father—the enduring mother—the injured friend of all humanity!—These, all these may be vanishing at one fell swoop!—these, and a hundred more, equally deserving and equally good, may be heaving their last sigh more for others than themselves,...may be sinking into an oblivion unworthy of them, as some who live in story are unfit for story's page.

All this, and much more, may be, and is;—for of such materials is our mortality made up!

A WEDDING.

The bride turned a little pale, and then a little flushed, and at last had just the right quantity of bright, becoming colour, and almost shed a tear, but not quite, for a smile came instead and chased it away. The bridegroom was warned not to forget the ring, and all were assembled about the altar. "I will," was uttered in a clear, low voice, and the new name written; and Sophy Grey was Sophy Grey no more, and she turned her bright face to be looked on, and loved, and admired, by the crowd of relations and friends surrounding her; and they thought that Sophy Stoketon was still dearer and prettier than even Sophy Grey had been—and then the carriages were entered, and the house was reached Sophy walked into her father's house—her childhood's home—her home no longer—and the bridal dress was changed, and the travelling dress took its place, and all crowded round her—the father, the mother, the sister, the brothers, all crowded round her to say good bye—to look on that dear face once more—to feel that her fate was sealed, to pray that it might be a happy one...to think that she was going away, away from her home, away with a stranger; and tears and smiles were mingled, and fond looks and long embraces; and a fathers mingled tear of joy and sorrow was on her cheek; and the sister's tear, that vainly tried to be a smile; and the mother's sobs: and Sophy Grey left her father's house, left it with the bright beam of joy and hope upon her brow; and another moment the carriage door was closed, the last good bye uttered, and Sophy was gone.

Oh, how melancholy, how lonely does the house appear, where, but a moment before, all had been interest and hurry! who has not experienced the deserted sensation, when those we have been accustomed to see are gone...when the agitation, the interest at parting is over...the forlorn, empty look of the room...the stillness; the work box, the drawing materials, the music, all gone; or perhaps one single thing left to remind how all was; a flower, perhaps, that had been gathered and cast aside; the cover of a letter which had been scribbled over in the forgetfulness of the happy conversation.—*Ann Grey.*

Respect for self governs our morality; respect for others governs our behaviour.